

The Academy

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The Literary Week.

THE death of Mr. H. D. Traill last Tuesday was a shock to his friends, and to the public. It was known a few days ago that he was confined to his room with a sprained ankle, but nobody thought that his fruitful life was so soon to be ended. He was conspicuous in many paths of literature and journalism, but it was as a brilliant satirist, humorist, and parodist in verse and prose that he shone. His original work had not been so plentiful during the past few years, owing, no doubt, to the engrossing character of his duties as editor of *Literature*; but he was able to add four new Dialogues to *The New Lucian*, a new edition of which was published last week. His prose was marked by a singular indifference to any kind of effect. He was always content to begin quietly; his humour was never forced—it occurred—and although much of his fugitive work was merely “pleasant and persuasive,” it never lacked intention.

LONDON, according to Mr. George Moore, having become “too large, too old, and too wealthy to permit of any new artistic movement,” the Irish Literary Theatre Society have been holding their second meeting during the past week in Dublin. Three plays were produced—“The Last Feast of the Fianna,” a sketch of the heroic age in Ireland, by Miss Alice Milligan; “Maeve,” by Mr. Edward Martyn; and “The Bending of the Bough,” by Mr. George Moore. The last has just been issued as a book. According to the *Dublin Daily Express*, the organ of the Irish Literary Movement, and one of the few daily papers in the United Kingdom showing a distinct interest in literature, the performances were entirely successful.

THE Irish Literary Theatre has also an organ of its own—an occasional publication called *Beltaine*, edited by Mr. W. B. Yeats. In a preface called “Plans and Methods” Mr. Yeats gives some account of the plays which London is too large, too old, and too wealthy to permit. “Our plays,” says Mr. Yeats, “this year have a half deliberate unity,”

Mr. Martyn’s “Maeve,” which I understand to symbolise Ireland’s choice between English materialism and her own natural idealism, as well as the choice of every individual soul, will be followed, as Greek tragedies were followed by satires and Elizabethan masques by anti-masques, by Mr. George Moore’s “The Bending of the Bough,” which tells of a like choice and of a contrary decision. Mr. Moore’s play, which is, in its external form, the history of two Scottish cities, the one Celtic in the main and the other Saxon in the main, is a microcosm of the last ten years of public life in Ireland. . . . Miss Milligan, not influenced by Mr. Martyn, or by anything but old legends, has the same thought in her “The Last Feast of the Fianna,” which, as I think, would make one remember the mortality and indignity of all that lives. Her bard Usheen goes to faery, and is made immortal like his songs; while the heroes and Grania, the most famous of the beautiful, sink into querulous old age.

The object of the Irish Literary Theatre is to make Dublin a centre of intellectual activity. We wish them every success.

THAT must have been an interesting moment when Mr. Thomas Hardy’s eye fell upon the account of the production of “Tess of the D’Urbervilles,” at the Coronet Theatre. *Apropos*, he has made the following communication: “As I find I am naturally supposed to have something to do with the production of ‘Tess of the D’Urbervilles’ at the Coronet Theatre, I shall be glad if you will allow me to state that I have not authorised such a dramatisation, and that I am ignorant of the form it has taken, except in so far as I gather from the newspapers.”

TOLSTOY’S new novel, *Resurrection*, a notice of which, when it began in monthly parts, was printed in our issue of September 9, will be published by the Brotherhood Company early next month. *Resurrection*, written in the rough by Tolstoy some years ago and founded upon an actual occurrence, has been completely re-written by him during the last year and a half. The proceeds will be devoted to aiding the Doukhobors, the sect who are persecuted in the Caucasus for refusing to learn the art of war. Mrs. Maude will set apart the remuneration she receives for her translation to the same cause. The novel will contain thirty-three illustrations by Pasternak.

WITH an inscription to attest its genuineness Mr. Henley has contributed to the *Daily Mail* “Absent-Minded Beggar Fund” the inkstand which was used by Stevenson during two years of his wanderings in the Pacific. It passed into Mr. Henley’s hands on Stevenson’s death. So far £15 has been bid for it.

THE organist of Bloemfontein Cathedral asks for literary guidance. His letter, which will be found in our correspondence columns, is somewhat long, but we cannot resist such magnificent detachment. Roberts! The war! The organist of Bloemfontein Cathedral does not even mention them.

MR. H. D. LOWRY, author of *Make Believe*, is writing another book for children, entitled *Blossom’s Word-Book*. It consists of a series of tiny essays on the vital meaning of the words most used by children, some of them running to little more than a sentence in length, while others are longer, and include stray verses and miniature fairy tales. The book will be illustrated.

“FIERCE books down Cellar” is the sign hung out by a foreigner in New York. Is it a theological library? In the same city an Italian junk dealer has this sign: “A Lot of Solemn Books Inside.” Is this the humour of which our fathers have told us?

WHEN the present war broke out we ventured to deprecate the idea that book production would be seriously checked. Our hope has not been fulfilled to the letter, but Mr. Joseph Shaylor, an admitted authority, has just stated the actual effects of the war on the book trade, and these do not prove to be very serious. Fierce books down cellar, and solemn books elsewhere, have suffered, but “fiction, juvenile literature, and books which appeal to the multitude have suffered scarcely at all by the war.”

MR. W. E. HENLEY makes several interesting remarks about the reading public, or, rather, publics, in an article on "Some Novels of 1899" in the *North American Review*. He thinks the public is like a set of Japanese boxes, one inside another, the larger containing the lesser throughout the series. Hence "a good writer and a good novelist is very often felt to some extent a great way outside the limits of the particular public which happens to be his." Mr. Henley adduces Stevenson as an instance of a writer whose appeal to his own first public, though seemingly futile, was felt in faint and widening waves. Thus, the comparative failure which attended the publication of *Treasure Island* and *The Black Arrow* in the *Young Folks' Paper* appears to Mr. Henley in this light:

He was but a *succès d'estime*; and you would have thought that he had worked in vain. But he had not. The masters who wrought for *Young Folks' Paper* were (so Stevenson told me) in no wise model citizens; they had their weaknesses, and (on his editor's report) were addicted to the use of strong waters, so that they had to be literally hunted for their copy. But, being writers, they were a level or two above the public for which they wrote. That public had seen little or nothing in Stevenson; they saw a great deal, and in his imitators Stevenson had, I believe, a very considerable success with a circle of readers which began by politely disdaining him. He had paid in gold, and his gold was not recognised as current coin until it was turned into copper. The currency was debased? Of course it was; and if it had not been—here is my point—it would never have passed with that public which Stevenson tried, and failed, to win. And this is the way in which publics are, not made but, effected and influenced by talent. In Stevenson's case, the provocation was unusually direct, the effects were unusually gross. But the same sort of thing has ever been, and is ever being, done all over the novel-reading world: so that many thousands have rejoiced in the gift of Ainsworth and Marryat, of Kipling and Barrie and Scott, who have never so much as heard their names.

In a word literature has solidarity as well as diversity, and a writer's influence is not to be measured by the sales of his book. This is a truism, but it is worth remembering.

Of the *Young Folks' Paper* itself Mr. Henley says: "Twas a capital print of its kind, and its editor and proprietor was a very able and intelligent man. . . . His name was Henderson: a Scotchman and a Radical. I rather think that he is dead; but, dead or alive, he is a person for whom I have a very great respect." Can any reader resolve Mr. Henley's doubts? The editor who accepted *Treasure Island* is surely entitled to share the triumph and partake the gale.

FROM a catalogue of autograph letters for sale at Messrs. Sotheby's auction rooms on March 5 we take the following passage. It was written by Browning to Mr. P. R. Jackson:

"I was not aware, nor I suppose can my publisher have been aware, that 'Hervieu Hervé Riel' had appeared in the *Royal Reader*; such an appearance without my knowledge and consent was a theft, and punishable. I consider the poem rather the publisher's than my property, because he gave me a hundred pounds for it, which I wanted for the starving French, and it was only at his urgent request the other day that I included the thing in a volume, which has just passed through the press, and will be out in a day or two. I could not, therefore, with propriety, allow that transfer to your collection, which the honesty and courtesy of your application would otherwise have induced me to permit."

A MINOR mystery of "Hamlet" seems to be cleared up by a discovery which has just been made at Elsinore, the scene of the play. An old document has been found in the archives of that ancient seaport setting forth the fact that in 1585 a wooden fence, which had been put up in the

year 1585 by the Burgomaster, had been destroyed by a company of English actors. The names of these actors are given, and they include some who are known to have belonged to Shakespeare's company. The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, whence the information comes, points out that Shakespeare "shows a curiously exact knowledge of the local conditions of that little seaport." The Elsinore local colour may not seem very strong to most of us, but only those who are familiar with the town can be good judges either of its quantity or quality. Horatio's words come back:

What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea.

So, also, one thinks of the lines:

Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erhears your officers.

It should be noted that Shakespeare's choice of Elsinore is curious. The older play which he worked up into his own, and which followed the legend, placed the drama in Jutland. Shakespeare's arbitrary preference of Elsinore, and his truthful touches about that place, are easily accounted for if we suppose that he consulted some of his fellow-players who were of the party that broke down the Burgomaster's fence. There is good evidence that troupes of English actors did wander Western Europe at the time necessary to establish this interesting theory. In fact, the Earl of Leicester sailed to the Low Countries in 1585, taking his players with him, and four years later Shakespeare, we know, was of that company. Many things remain unexplained, but if the Elsinore document be genuine there is ground for interesting research.

WITH a poet's ingenuity Mr. William Watson endeavours to show that Nature is on the side of the Boers. He states this proposition in two verses which appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*:

PAST AND PRESENT.

When lofty Spain came towering up the seas
This little stubborn land to daunt and quell,
The winds of heaven were our auxiliaries,
And smote her that she fell.

Ah, not to-day is Nature on our side!
The mountains and the rivers are our foe,
And Nature with the heart of man allied
Is hard to overthrow.

The prosaic fact is that the mountains and the rivers are on the side of those who at a given moment can use them best. A bolder figure than Mr. Watson's tells us that the stars fought against Sisera, but the stars only watched; and the mountains only wait for the victor's tread. But let a poet answer a poet. Sir Edwin Arnold has this gruff "Reply" to Mr. Watson in the *Daily Telegraph*:

Imputes he mortal passions to the mountains?
And, for a party stroke,
Feigns he that water-ways, and river-fountains
Fight for the Boer's ill yoke?
Enough to answer England's slanderous son,
And brand his calumny,
I bore her files to battle, every one,—
Her Lover—Ocean—I!

LORD ROSEBERRY has issued his own text of his recent speech on Cromwell through Messrs. Hatchard's, prefixing to it the brief and pregnant preface:

Published in self defence.

The insertion of this remark has reference, no doubt, to the version of the Cromwell speech already issued by a Scottish firm of publishers, and taken, with acknowledg-

ments, from the *Daily News* report. A comparison of the two versions leaves us in no particular wonder that Lord Rosebery has taken this course.

THE first number of the *Universal Magazine* (Horace Marshall & Son) contains a vociferous article by Miss Corelli, entitled "Patriotism—or Self-Advertisement?" We confess to some inability to read this article owing to the portentous length of Miss Corelli's paragraphs, which spread like prairies over the pages, relieved only by a scrub of italics. Miss Corelli is of those who consider that Mr. Kipling ought to have written finer war verses than the "Absent-Minded Beggar."

A real poem pushed vigorously down the public throat would have made the public voice sweeter and stronger. A real poem would not only have built up a Fund, but a Fame. Instead of degrading "Tommy," it might have improved and dignified his whole position. . . . "The Absent-Minded Beggar" stanzas will mark Mr. Kipling's name with a fatal persistency as long as he lives, cropping up with an infinite tedium and an exasperating sameness at every fresh thing he writes; and let him be wise as Solon, classic as Virgil, and strong as Samson, he shall never escape it. Like another sort of "Raven," he shall see it "sitting, never fitting," on every "bust of Pallas," or new work he offers to the public; he shall demand of it, "Take thy beak from out my heart and thy form from off my door!" and its reply shall be the one monotonous devil's croak of "Nevermore!"

MESSRS. SPALDING & HODGE send us "a new and important work in five volumes." They are entitled *Extra Light Ant. Wove Quad Crown*, and we have lovingly handled them ever since they arrived. Bound strongly in red cloth, stamped with a heraldic device in gold, and gilt topped, these volumes are not marred by any impertinent letterpress. The white vacuity of their 320 pages has refreshed our spirits, and inclined our hearts to the paper trade. Seriously, Messrs. Spalding & Hodge seem to know how to produce the best kind of book paper, a paper firm and light, rough enough to please the hand and eye, yet tractable enough to take photogravures.

SOME of the critics have complained that Mr. Benson, in his scholarly and interesting rendering of the character of Henry V., errs in representing him as a markedly religious character. Mr. H. C. Beeching, in a letter to the *Morning Post*, shows that Mr. Benson had warrant for his reading. "The key-note of one side of Henry's character," says Mr. Beeching,

"is struck in that speech to Falstaff with which Henry IV. closes: 'I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers.' And in the play itself there is a great deal of religious reflection. The 'God of battles' to whom Henry throughout appeals is not the 'Dieu de batailles' by whom the Constable swears. Many of Henry's clergy would have been proud if they had originated the admirable saying:

'There is a soul of goodness in things evil
Would men observingly distil it out.'

But in case your critic should say that the voice here is Shakespeare's and not Henry's, I would refer him to the ordinance after Agincourt reported in Act IV., which reveals the mind of a zealot:

'Be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this, or take the praise from God
Which is His only.'

A NEWSPAPER devoted to the interests of Free Churchmen, with especial reference to the work and thought of Congregationalists, is about to be published. The new journal will be issued weekly, price one penny. The Rev. W. B. Selbie, M.A., of Highgate, will direct the theological policy of the paper, and with him will be associated Mr. Andrew Melrose and Mr. David Williamson, the latter as general editor.

THE Trustees of the British Museum continue to issue their series of facsimiles of royal, historical, and literary autographs. Among new reproductions is a fly-leaf in Izaak Walton's prayer-book which contains the epitaph which he wrote for his second wife:

*How lyeth buried soe much as could
dye of Ann, the wife of Izaak Walton
A woman of remarkable prudence,
of the primitive pietie.
Her greates and generall knowledg
being adorn'd with such tiew humillitie,
and blest with soe much Christian
meeknes; as made her worthy of
a more memorable monument
She dyed
(Alas! Alas! that she is ded)
April 17: 1662.*

The epitaph should be read as follows:

Here lyeth buried soe much as could
dye of Ann, the wife of Izaak Walton,
who was
A woman of remarkable prudence,
and
of the primitive pietie,
Her greates and generall knowledg
being adorn'd with such tiew humillitie,
and blest with soe much Christian
meekness, as made her worthy of
a more memorable monument.
She dyed
(Alas! Alas! that she is ded)
April 17: 1662.

THOSE counterblasts to "The Man with the Hoe" are now disposed of; the prizes are awarded; and oblivion threatens the incident. It will be remembered that Mr. Edwin Markham's gloomy picture of the toiling agriculturalist in his poem, "The Man with the Hoe," was resented by one American reader, who wished to see agriculturalists extolled and felicitated. He offered three prizes, of 400 dols., 200 dols., and 100 dols., for the three poetic replies to Mr. Markham's poem which should be judged best by a committee of three. The competitive poems were nearly a thousand, of which only a small percentage deserved attention. The awards are as follows:

"The Man with the Hoe (A Reply to Edwin Markham)."
By John Vance Cheney. First prize (400 dols.).
"The Incapable." By Hamilton Schuyler. Second prize (200 dols.).
"A Song (In Answer to 'The Man with the Hoe')." By Kate Masterson. Third prize (100 dols.).

WILL no deft poetic hand give us renderings of the *tanka*, those charming old songs collected in Japan eight hundred years ago under the title of *Hyakunin-isshū*? The man who has most right to the honours of the task is, perhaps, Prof. C. MacCauley, who has been lecturing on the subject to the Asiatic Society at Tokyo. The *tanka* fall into three classes: songs of nature, songs of sentiment, and songs of love. One *tanka* tells of love perfected, and is rendered thus by the Professor:

From Tsukuba's peak
Falling waters have become
Mina's still, full flow.
So, my love has grown to be
Like the river's quiet deeps.

Here is another :

Like the salt sea-weed
Burning in the evening calm,
On Matsuo's shore,
All my being is aglow,
Waiting one who does not come.

THE question whether it is well to issue a masterpiece of fiction with a searching critical introduction has not perhaps ever been debated properly. Obviously both the author's and the reader's interests are affected, and it may be injuriously. Mrs. Humphry Ward seems to be conscious of a certain demur to her introductions to the novels of the Brontës, for in introducing Emily Brontë's novel, *Wuthering Heights*, which forms part of the fifth volume of the "Haworth" edition, she writes :

When we are under the spell of the Brontë stories we admire and we protest with almost equal warmth; we lavish upon them the same varieties of feeling as the poet, who brings to his love no cold, monotonous homage, but—"praise, blame, kisses, tears, and smiles." For inevitably the critic's manner catches the freedom of the author's. He will not hesitate dislike; such a mental attitude cannot maintain itself in the Brontës' neighbourhood. He will strike when he is hurt, and raise the peans of praise when he is pleased, with the frankness which such combatants deserve. In each of her novels, as it were, Charlotte Brontë touches the shield of the reader; she does not woo or persuade him; she attacks him, and, complete as his ultimate surrender may be, he yields fighting. He "will still be talking," and there is no help for it.

And as regards *Wuthering Heights*, Mrs. Ward thinks that criticism has a real work to do with this strange novel. She quotes Prof. Saintsbury's belief that Emily Brontë's work has been "extravagantly praised," and Mr. Leslie Stephen's opinion that Emily Brontë's "feeble grasp upon external facts makes her book a kind of baseless nightmare, which we read with wonder and with distressing curiosity, but with even more pain than pleasure or profit." Charlotte Brontë herself wrote of her sister's story with a certain caution, as did also Mrs. Gaskell. Mrs. Ward allows much to these and other critics; but her faith in *Wuthering Heights* is stronger than theirs. She says: "For the mingling of daring poetry with the easiest and most masterly command of local truth, for sharpness and felicity of phrase, for exuberance of creative force, for invention and freshness of detail, there are few things in English fiction to match it."

Bibliographical.

BECAUSE I happened to say last week that readers and reviewers "are apt to be bored" by the frequent appearance of the same name on the title-pages of books, a correspondent, signing himself "The Lobworm," suggests that I have "let a literary cat out of the bag." Is it possible, he asks with unconcealed irony, that reviewers are influenced by names? And he goes on to propose a remedy for that evil. "Judges at shows are, or were, supposed to be in ignorance of the contents of the catalogue until the awards were complete. Why not hand over books to reviewers with no clue to author or publisher beyond a sealed envelope, 'not to be opened until the review is written'?" An ingenious notion! but one, I fear, which would not commend itself either to authors or to publishers. Authors, I fancy, would rather risk the possible boredom of the reviewers than always come before the world in anonymous fashion.

Talking of publishers, I note that an addition has just been made to the number of publishers who write. Mr. J. M. Dent himself supplies the editorial introduction to the reprint of *She Stoops to Conquer* which he has just added to his "Temple Classics." Every now and then

somebody revives the cry of "Every author his own publisher." How very much more to the purpose would be "Every publisher his own author"! However, I see in that suggestion a very real danger for the bibliographer. There is quite enough confusion of names as it is. I see, for example, that Mr. Charles Dickens, grandson of the novelist, has been making a speech at a club dinner. Now, this gentleman's father was also a Charles Dickens—"Charles Dickens the Younger," as he subscribed himself. Well, if Charles Dickens the Youngest should write and publish books, the poor bibliographer of the future will have three Charles Dickens's to struggle with—which will be hard upon him.

"Somebody of leisure," I wrote last week, "should write an account of English war poetry"; and now there comes a "preliminary par" about a collection of war songs which is shortly to be added to the "Canterbury Poets." So far as I know, this will be the first anthology of the kind. We have had collections of patriotic verse in which war poetry has been included, but that should hardly bar the way of the new volume, which will, I hope, fulfil in all strictness the promise of its title.

"S. G.," writing in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, says there is a piece of information which he desires: "Who wrote 'Broken Vows,' the play which was in rehearsal at Mansfield Park when the august Sir Thomas returned from the West Indies?" It is to be feared that this question will not be answered until it can be put to Miss Austen herself—not, of course, by "S. G.," if it be true that he has an objection to meeting the lady in Paradise. A play called "Broken Vows" was produced in England about thirty years ago, but that was after Miss Austen's day. It is a little wonderful that there should not have been a dramatic "Broken Vows" before 1871. "The Broken Heart" and "The Broken Gold"—Miss Austen may have heard of the plays so named; but "Broken Vows" must have been of her own coinage.

Her Title of Honour has proved, up to now, the most lasting of the stories of the late Miss Harriett Parr. A new edition of it appeared so recently as last October. Next to it, apparently, in popularity are the *Legends of Fairyland*, of which there was a reprint in 1897. One well remembers when this lady's *Sylvan Holt's Daughter*, *Katie Brande*, and so forth, were "books of the day." Her book of essays, *In the Silver Age*, was well worth reading. It was a good thing that she elected to publish as "Holme Lee"; otherwise there might have been a muddle in the public mind between Miss Harriett Parr and Mrs. Louisa Parr, as there was for a time between Miss M. B. Edwards and Miss A. B. Edwards.

I notice that Mr. Max Pemberton, in his new story called *Flo*, makes a Frenchwoman say to an English girl: "Ah, men have so much to live for, child. Your poet Shakespeare has said it better than you or I will ever say it. A woman's love is her little kingdom, but the man's world is very wide." Is it possible that Mr. Pemberton is under the impression that the lines—

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence,

were written by the Bard of Avon? Or is this only his exquisitely subtle way of reflecting upon French ignorance of English literature?

There have been of late frequent announcements of the fact that Sir Henry Irving's next production at the Lyceum will be a play dealing with the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and having Charles IX. for its chief figure. Nowhere have I seen any reference to the further fact that the subject was treated by Marlowe in a play, "The Massacre at Paris," which, however, has come down to us only in a fragmentary and (as regards the text) corrupt state. Sir Henry's drama, apparently, is to be an adaptation from the French.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Trend of Young Verse.

By Shore and Wood. By W. Cuthbertson. (James Thin.)

Wild Eaten. By George Woodberry. (Macmillan. 5s.)

Without a God. (Kegan Paul.)

Out of the Nest. By Mary McNeil Fenollosa. (Gay & Bird.)

NEVER since the "spacious days of great Elizabeth" has there been such a widespread spirit of song as now, and song which quite frequently attains a level that demands respect. The English language is spread over two hemispheres, and from both this chorus of song arises, thickly as the voices of a wet morning-grove. For America swells the cloud of books of verse which descend on the editorial table. It is easy to sneer at it as "minor poetry," and set it aside with fine Britannie scorn of anything so superfluous as minor poetry—in the disparaging sense to which the word is now generally confined. Minor poetry in this sense it is; that is, work without strong and assured inspiration and marked originality. Yet it has its importance. Without some such state of widespread impulse towards song great poets seldom arise. These countless volumes of verse that annually drift over the land are, if you please, the dead leaves which quicken the soil of the poetic year; and many die that some one or two may grow lusty and thrive. But they do not die fruitlessly, as the Philistine would assert; the poetic soil is the richer for them, the more likely to fertilise great work. Not to say that here and there is work which does not all die, which has its charm for the unhasty reader who takes an interest in the lesser verse as in the lesser flowers. Wild flowers, if you will, not garden flowers; but let us welcome them with the daisies.

It is interesting, therefore, to note what these dragon-flies, these many-hued *ephemerides* of literature, are endeavouring to accomplish; interesting, and perhaps instructive. What common impulse is working in the singer from ultra-modern America, him who rhymes on the garden-seat of a London omnibus, and the novice from the country? At first sight nothing seems so conspicuous in this cloud as its many colours, its extreme diversity. One follows Tennyson, another leans towards Wordsworth, Rossetti, Swinburne, and endless influences are apparent as we turn the pages. Undoubtedly that is the case: there is no school dominant at present, as Tennyson was dominant in the earlier Victorian era, and wide individuality as regards manner and form is a note of this lesser verse. But yet it is not impossible to arrive at certain general characters, to educe a ruling tendency: these very various poets are more alike than they deem. Let us take, as a first example, the work of an American lady with the curious name of Mary McNeil Fenollosa. Two of the very best of these recent volumes, by the way, are American. This lady's poems are notable in two ways. In the first place much of them is remarkably good; in the second place, more than half of them are concerned with Japan. They are the records of an American woman's residence in that delightful country, and gain all the novelty of Japanese scenery, which yet is not too novel—an important consideration as regards the theme of verse. Her work is full of promise, and contains some excellent performance. She has sensitive observation, a gift of really original fancy, and a rich and cultivated diction, more classic than is usual in female poets. These qualities she has applied to the illustration of a country which is ready-made poetry, poetry asking but to be gathered; and the result is full of delicacy and charm.

Here is her vignette of "Midsummer in Tokio":

A copper sky, grey-veiled in heated mist,
Blue roofs, white-ribbed, and clumps of sullen trees
Set close for shade, and dark with purple gloom!
The long straight moats gleam dully, set between
Stone-patient walls, whose mossy crests are twined
With forms of crouching dragons, pines that writhe
Red-sealed and rough, with fins of living green.
A crow beats heavily through the diluted air,
Aimless with years, and vaguely bound to tip
The ancient castle-gate, black-peaked and tall,
Lone sentry at the portal of the past.
Silence has slept, but from the infrequent grass
Comes prickling mist of myriad tiny sounds;
For there the cicadae, those little men,
Sit twirling summer through shrill reels of song.
Off in the busy town the streets lie bare;
But under booths of straw old dames sell fruit
And many a cooling drink. There children play
More quiet for the heat, or, drooped like flowers,
Sleep in the doors with little faces flushed.
In long straight rows the nerveless willows stand,
Weeping green rain that never falls to earth;
While, piercing down the vista, comes a sound,
The keen, recurrent, many-fluted cry
Of Amma San, a human cicada.
O'er street, and moat, and granite-castled isle
The dusty glare of muffled light has crept,
And choked the world with languor, till the soul
Stirs panting, like the air's white flames that rise
Made visible with tremor. Then is blown,
Cooling the air with shaded petal-waves,
The great sound-blossom of a temple-bell.

It is in such impressions as this that Miss Fenollosa shows best, for she has no power of passion. You note the choice diction, the happiness of expression culminating in such a line as:

Sit twirling summer through shrill reels of song.

It shows also the writer's weakness: she is not artistic, she is deficient in selection, compression, and sense of form. Such a line as

Under booths of straw old dames sell fruit
And many a cooling drink,

is prosaic and were better away; while the whole description is too resolved and categorical in its detail. But despite all defects, it makes you feel and see the sultry Japanese town. Here is a sonnet on "Fujisan from Enoshima":

O thou divine, remote, ineffable!
Thou cone of visions based on level sea,
Thou ache of joy in pale eternity,
Thou gleaming pearl in night's encrusted shell,
Thou frozen ghost, thou crystal citadel,
Heart-hushed I gaze, until there seems to be
Nothing in heaven or earth, but thee and me,
I the faint echo, thou the crystal bell!

Time rolls beneath me, as the waves' long foam,
And thoughts, as drifting weeds, float vaguely by,
Leaving my ransomed soul to fill the dome
Which curves, by day, thy cloud-fringed canopy.
Measured by gods, I draw my human height;
Then hide me weeping, I have faced the height!

It is a far enough cry, apparently, from this lady to Mr. W. Cuthbertson, the best pieces in whose *By Shore and Wood* are ballades, rondeaus, and the like, couched in the lighter vein. Whether angling and golf have yet had their ballade we do not know; but Mr. Cuthbertson, at any rate, gives us both. His "Ballade of an Angler" is pleasantly touched.

When winds are breathing faint perfume,
And crimson tints the eastern skies,
When like a spectre from the tomb
The wan moon slowly fades and dies,

When overhead the skylarks rise,
And love-notes from the willows steal:
This is the melody I prize,
The music of the ringing reel.

When overhead the pine-trees gloom,
Where fitfully the low wind sighs—
The woof that threads the river's loom—
While o'er its face the swallow flies.
I mark the noon's half-sleepy eyes,
The murmuring river's wash I feel,
And hear, while sink the deadly flies,
The music of the ringing reel.

When from afar the bittern's boom
Sweeps weirdly, and the landrail's cries
Come harshly, when the cornflowers bloom,
Like never-ceasing threnodies.
When o'er the darkened river flies
My careful cast; to cheer my zeal
There comes a note of sweet surprise,
The music of the ringing reel.

ENVOY.

Prince, howe'er grey or bright the skies
At morn or noon or night may steal
Their onward way, I only prize
The music of the ringing reel.

Alien enough these graceful dexterities from the muse of the lady of Japan, you think; particularly when Mr. Cuthbertson sings of tobacco—as he does sing—and his “triolet” we may quote:

There's no tobacco like Perique
Of all that's brought across the ocean;
From Galveston to Chesapeake,
There's no tobacco like Perique.
To praise it you will find a week
A space too short for your devotion.
There's no tobacco like Perique,
Of all that's brought across the ocean.

Yet under the wide difference of form there is a likeness between the two. Both are impressionistic, both are busy with nothing but the effect of nature—or tobacco—upon themselves. The more one examines, the more is this seen to be a common note of all these younger singers. With most the interest is nature, with some it is life; but all present to nature and life a purely passive attitude, they face them sensitively only. Take up Mr. George Woodberry's *Wild Eden* and you find the same trait. This richly-coloured picture gives us the purely impressionistic note again:

One rich hollyhock warden,
High in the midsummer garden,
Motionless points its blossoming spear
Up to the honey-pale, amber-clear
Dome of the golden atmosphere,
Shut aloft by the foliage-wall
Linden, rock-maple, elms over all,
Embowering, umbrageous, massive, tall,
That make of the garden a little dell,
A place of slumber for blade and bell—
Of sleep and circumambient peace,
From the crimson hollyhock's flowered spire
To the one deep rose-plume drifting fire,
Where, duskily seen as the shades increase,
'Mid molten flakes of breaking fleece,
And trellised with many a fading spark,
Through her summer-lattice peers the dark.

Yes, all these young men and maidens, as with one consent, are making sensitised plates of themselves; observing, feeling, reproducing, and no more. Therewith is another and kindred symptom—the disappearance of the “message.” We note one poet, who publishes anonymously with Messrs. Kegan Paul an appallingly long and most contentedly and conscientiously prosaic poem, *Without a God*, which is a kind of autobiographic novel in verse, and deals with the development of an individual soul, from the Agnostic standpoint. But the bulk care for

none of these things, and have no thought of a teaching function in themselves. The “message” is not in season, that is clear. This universal preoccupation with the merely sensitive side of poetry is not quite a thing for congratulation. It may be pardoned, on the ground that it is the least ambitious way of writing. It is eminently feminine, and, therefore, it is not surprising that women are well to the front among these younger poets. In some of the female writers there is a pathetic and wistful consciousness of limited faculty, which does not go beyond the detailed sense that life is bitter, or life is sweet. One would not have these strain their throats. But in itself the tendency to resolve poetry into a study of sensations is regrettable—a vast abnegation of the greatest potentialities of English song. Thought and intellect disappear; of the Wordsworthian tradition but the husk remains, without the life-giving soul. Yet, consciously or unconsciously, the various flight of “new poets” are all in substance impressionist—though you may search far for the delicate methods of the French school which writes that title on its banners. And a proportion of them, as we have gratefully admitted and recognised, produce work having distinct appeal and quality, though they may have far to go along the difficult way of perfection. On the meanings of life their voice is weak and uncertain, if that trouble them at all: they have gone far from the day of *In Memoriam*, still further from the day of Browning. And since they are content with

The little life of bank and briar,
it is ungrateful to ask them for more than they offer.

The Ox and the Corn.

First Principles in Politics. By William Samuel Lilly.
(John Murray. 14s.)

MR. LILLY opens his treatise with what looks like a paradox. From the general mind of to-day, he tells us, the idea of law is almost unseated. We had supposed—the opinion is in the air—that now at last, for the first time, the popular mind had embraced the conviction that things which happen, probably or improbably, happen in subjection to law. But he makes good his pretension.

It is true, no doubt, that in the realm of physical phenomena we ordinary men do at last understand that the sun is not arbitrarily eclipsed, that the weather is not altogether fortuitous, and that our Sodoms and Gomorrah, when they happen upon cyclones and earthquakes, are not by their sins the immediate cause of those shocking cataclysms. But Mr. Lilly very well points out that, in the ultimate signification, the sequence of cause and effect among physical phenomena does not properly contain that which law connotes: for necessity has no place in pure physics; it is not, for instance, of necessity that material bodies attract each other according to a certain familiar formula. It merely happens. Necessity can be connoted properly only in the region beyond the physical. Law is metaphysical, for law is a function of reason; and it is to the devotion of the world to what is called physical science that the general obscuration of the idea of law *sensu stricto* may be traced.

Particularly in matters politic is this exemplified. “My dear fellow,” said a contemporary to Mr. Lilly, “. . . there are no first principles in politics, or last principles; there are no principles at all, and no laws giving expression to principles; it is a mere matter of expediency, of utility, of convention, of self-interest.” This was the voice of the Zeitgeist. And over against it he entrenches himself.

“Nothing is that errs from law”—law that, in the order of thought, precedes all its manifestations, the first fact of the universe. Upon that principle—not upon the principle of might, or of utility, or of self-interest—the

State is built up, differing thus from the comities of beasts—of wolves, of bees, of ants. For man is rational; therefore is free-willed; and because he is free of will, can do justice or refrain.

Justice recognises the rights of the individual. The individual demands freedom; and, with proper limitations, Justice renders it to him, in four manifestations. He has the right to exist, limited by the duty of labour. He has an indefeasible right to live out his own life, to determine the use of his own faculties, so that they be innocuously energised. He has a right to hold what he gets or acquires, so that he hold it, in some sense, for the benefit of his brethren. Finally, in proportion to his aptitude, he has a right to a share in the legislation and administration of his country.

So far we go whole-heartedly with Mr. Lilly; it is agreeable to find a man who in these days cares to set forth his convictions on a broad *a priori* basis. The rest of his work is concerned with the application of his principles to the difficult details of our complex social environment; and it does seem, despite our prepossession by his calm and philosophic prolegomena, as though in the questions of Strikes and Rings, of Trade Unions and Lock-outs, he leaves matters very much where he found them.

Thus the old—the antiquated—theories of the school that grew out of the masterpiece of Adam Smith had at least the merit of an unimpeachable logic. Granted the laws of Supply and Demand, of the Higgling of the Market, and the rest, the conclusion that prosperity depended absolutely and solely upon the strife between individuals and the bare survival of the fittest, did inexorably follow. But now, when the Shaftesburys and Ruskins have rendered intolerable to the humane observer the hideous cruelties which, in the name of Political Economy, must necessarily accompany the process of its actualisation, we find ourselves left, in effect—whatever may be our theories—in the dusk of haphazard. What, for instance, could be more futile than Carlyle's "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work is as just a demand as governed men ever made of governing; it is the everlasting right of men"? "Fair"—it begs the whole question. Of course, a fair wage is a just demand: what the new political economy has to settle is precisely what is a fair wage, and upon what principles it must be determined. The gentle Pope's "It is a dictate of nature, more authoritative and more ancient than any contract between man and man, that the remuneration of the labourer must be sufficient to support him in reasonable and frugal comfort" is less vague, and proportionately less certain. For not seldom it happens that labour, eating and drinking as it goes, is found at the last to have produced nothing—or less. Surely, nature's recompense in such case would be famine.

The fact is, that there remains still room for an economy which shall formulate, upon a basis of reason and justice, the proportions according to which the accumulations of thrift, on the one hand, and, on the other, the industry and skill of labour, may rightly divide their increment.

Milton's Quaker Friend.

The History of the Life of Thomas Elwood. New Edition. Edited by C. G. Crump. (Methuen & Co. 6s.)

THOMAS ELWOOD hardly ranks among the fathers of Quakerism. Not his, of course, were the spiritual fountains which welled up in George Fox; a comparison between these men would be absurd. But his name cannot be written alongside the learned Barclay, the sagacious Penn, or the patriarchal Isaac Penington. He was no son of thunder, able to control the London mob, like Edward Burrough; and he left no pages which Charles Lamb could pore over with the rapture he

bestowed on those of the mild Dewsbury. Men as little known as Francis Howgill and Richard Hubberthorne were spiritual giants compared with Elwood. The eloquence of these fulminated over England, and made the Quakers a host of many times ten thousand; they were live coals from the altar. Unlike theirs, Elwood's books have no prophetic fire, no Davidean tears. His journal is an airy book, quaint, vivid, important by chance. This being so, we think that Mr. Crump, to whom we are entirely grateful for a correct text of Elwood's book, might have introduced his hero in a lighter manner. His Introduction is a capital *résumé* of the history and social conditions of early Quakerism, but it is serious and complete enough to usher in a new edition of George Fox's *Journal*—a work compared with which Elwood's is froth.

Elwood's conversion to Quakerism was in this wise. His father had stunted his education in favour of an elder brother, and the result was that Thomas lived in genteel idleness at home, attending his father, who was a justice of the peace, to the Petty Sessions, and aimlessly enjoying country life. Meanwhile a friend of the family, Lady Springett, a sprightly widow with a sprightlier daughter—the historic Guli who afterwards became the wife of William Penn—had married Isaac Penington, and was newly settled with her husband and her daughter Guli (Springett) at Chalfont, only fifteen miles from the Elwoods. What was more natural than that Justice Elwood and his son Thomas should saddle their horses, and go cantering into Bucks to visit their friends? It would have been less natural if they had known that the Peningtons had become Quakers, but in blissful ignorance of this they rode up to the door with light words of greeting on their lips. Their disillusionment was sudden and complete. "So great a change from a free debonnaire and courtly sort of behaviour . . . did not a little amuse us, and disappoint our expectation of such a pleasant visit as we used to have."

Young Elwood was fascinated by the Quaker rule, and began to visit the Peningtons on his own account. Lapped in Quaker kindness, and wanting an aim, he became a Quaker. He soon came to London, and was entangled in the nets of persecution which filled Bridewell and Newgate with inoffensive Quakers. Elwood's Newgate scenes are vivid and valuable; but the salt of his journal is in its earlier chapters, in which we see the impact of Quakerism on a family of social position. It is also to be found in the story of Elwood's connexion with John Milton, which he recounts sparingly, and drops as a "digression." It was as a young Quaker anxious to repair the defects in his education that Elwood was introduced to the poet, in London, in the capacity of a reader and pupil.

I . . . took myself a lodging . . . as near to his house (which was then in Jewyn-street) as conveniently as I could, and from thenceforward went every day in the afternoon, except on the first days of the week, and sitting by him in his dining-room read to him in such books in the Latin tongue as he pleased to hear me read. At my first sitting to read to him, observing that I used the English pronunciation, he told me, if I would have the benefit of the Latin tongue, not only to read and understand Latin authors, but to converse with foreigners either abroad or at home, I must learn the foreign pronunciation. To this I consented, he instructing me how to sound the vowels; so different from the common pronunciation used by the English, who speak Anglice their Latin.

Elwood's simplicity, his well-bred, candid address, and his earnestness in religion won upon the poet. The casual relation quickly warmed to friendship, and when Milton wished to leave London during the Plague it was Elwood who took "a pretty box" for him near Chalfont. And here, visiting the poet, Elwood was handed the MS. of *Paradise Lost* by Milton himself:

He asked me how I liked it and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him, and after some discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him: "Thou hast said

much here of 'Paradise Lost,' but what hast thou to say of 'Paradise Found'?" He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then broke off that discourse, and fell upon another subject.

After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed and become safely habitable again, he returned thither.

And when afterwards I went to wait on him there, which I seldom failed of doing whenever my occasions drew me to London, he showed me his second poem, called "Paradise Regained," and with a pleasant tone said to me: "This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of."

That scene and dialogue are Elwood's patent of immortality. Yet one must allow a closer significance to the forgotten "Testimony of the Monthly Meeting at Hungerhill": "He was a man of very acceptable and agreeable conversation, as well as sober and religious . . . his memorial is sweet to us."

Tabulated Hysterics.

The Psychology of Religion. By E. D. Starbuck. (Walter Scott.)

IN outward aspect this work is commonplace enough; to the ordinary reader it will not make an immediate appeal. But on opening it we found ourselves face to face with a new departure, and in ten minutes had decided that it was one of the most astonishing books of the day. For Dr. Starbuck, wishing to probe the religious experiences of his fellow-creatures, has adopted a method which, though fairly common in America, has not yet taken firm hold on English prejudices. He has "circularised" a large number of people, setting them certain questions to answer as to their age and weight, their mental and physical symptoms before, during, and after conversion; and, curiously enough, he obtained quite a number of answers. "What circumstances and experiences preceded conversion?" asks Dr. Starbuck; "any sense of depression, smothering, fainting, loss of sleep and appetite?" "How did relief come?" he continues. "What were your feelings after the crisis—sense of bodily lightness, weeping, laughing?" And so on up to Question Eleven. Fearing to miss a single pang, Dr. Starbuck adds: "State a few bottom truths embodying your own deepest feelings."

The questions were addressed mostly to Americans, and among the replies were bottom truths from Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Negroes, Japanese, and one Hawaiian. Knowing the difficulty of skimming the merest froth of thought, one sympathises with the solitary Hawaiian trying to state a bottom truth about his deepest feelings.

But this represents only the beginning of Dr. Starbuck's labours. Having obtained replies from 120 females and 72 males, he set himself to make deductions from those answers, and having collated the results, the weights, the ages, the sexes, the loss of appetite, the insomnia of the converts, he has set forth a series of tables in which we have as clear a view of the "conversion-curves" as the Meteorological Office gives us of the rise and fall of the barometer. The age curve, for example, shows us conversions starting at seven years, and mounting gradually till it reaches its culminating point at sixteen. But the curve differs in the cases of males and females. "Among the females there are two tidal waves of religious awakening at about 13 and 16, followed by a less significant period at 18; while among the males the great wave is at about 16, preceded by a wavelet at 12, and followed by a surging up at 18 or 19." And the chart gives evidence that if a man is not converted by his twenty-third birthday he runs very small risk of being converted at all. Moreover, the height and weight chart gives practically the same results. For "during the

period of most rapidly bodily growth is the time when conversion is most likely to occur." This is only what might have been expected *a priori*, for the age of puberty is, of course, the period at which the angel stirs the pool of emotion. But it is when he comes to the bottom truths that Dr. Starbuck is most interesting, for the replies he obtained do not by any means err on the side of reticence, and one would have recommended a doctor rather than a camp-meeting revivalist for the treatment of the symptoms described. "Loss of sleep or appetite" is pretty evenly distributed between the sexes, but "weeping" was naturally a predominant feminine symptom. It is not easy to conjecture why the number of males who were afflicted with temporary deafness before conversion should more than double that of the females, though we might hazard a reason to explain the fact that these premonitory symptoms last with a youth nearly three times as long as they last with a girl.

In justice to Dr. Starbuck, we should state that he treats his subject with perfect gravity. But it is rather startling to find the emotional experiences which most people regard as too sacred for open discussion set forth like the rise and fall of market prices. Nor can we admit that he has added anything to our sum of knowledge. We all know that the phenomenon called "conversion" by revivalist preachers is a sort of hysterical outburst which is likely to occur at the moment when the child becomes an adult; nor do we need bottom truths from Hawaii to teach us that.

From Oxford.

Nova Anthologia Oxoniensis. Edited by Robinson Ellis, M.A., and A. D. Godley, M.A. (Clarendon Press.)

THE power to write a neat copy of elegiacs or iambics is no longer regarded as the crown and coping-stone of a liberal education. Doubtless this is as it should be. Philology, archaeology, palaeography, and a dozen other interests have stepped in to fill the vacant place, and it is in every way better that the student should read his Greek and Latin texts largely, with some thought for the ideas which they convey and the modes of life which they mirror, than that he should spend his time in learning to reproduce, however faithfully, the diction and the prosody of a somewhat arbitrarily determined "classical" period. Even style he will probably learn better, so far as it is to be learnt at all, from attempts to express himself in his own tongue than in any other way. Verse composition is an accomplishment, a pretty trick of the finished scholar: it is not an instrument of education. As an accomplishment, however, we hope it may flourish long; and that it still does flourish, at Oxford at least, the elegant little volume before us is sufficient witness. The contributors are some fifty in number, and their University careers must cover among them about as many years. At one end of the series comes the late Master of Balliol, the only one of the company, we fancy, who is not still living; at the other Mr. J. S. Phillimore, the recently appointed and very young Professor of Greek at Glasgow. A few among them have attained to distinction in other than academic fields. Does Sir Alfred Milner, in the heat and dust of South African controversy, recall his "Kubla Khan" in Virgilian hexameters?—

And midst this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war.

At longe resonare audivit avitas
Æneas voces, certum et prædicere bellum.

The average level of merit seems to us at least up to that of any similar volume of the same kind with which we are acquainted. One or two of the writers deal with their difficulties rather cavalierly. The special point of "left

the daisies rosy" is missed when it is turned into "left the lilies red behind her." On the other hand there are some who are remarkably successful not merely in translating the words of their texts, but in preserving much of the atmosphere and poetic quality. In Latin we should single out the President of Magdalen's version of Tennyson's Invitation to the Isle of Wight:

You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine.

Nil cenam tibi condiet maligni
Sed sal candidior, salubre vinum,
Et solus prope fabulator aves
Pinus culmine tectus increpabit.

Also Prof. Phillimore's really charming bits from "Thyrsis" and "The Scholar Gipsy":

Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring:
At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors.
Or the warm ingle-bench, the smock-frocked boors
Had found him seated at their entering.
But, mid their drink and clatter he would fly:

Illum vere novo pastores colle vagantem,
Illum cinctutos peterent cum nocte Sabinis
Montibus hospitium, sola invenisse taberna
Agricolae, sella ante Lares Vestamque sedentem:
Mox fugere elapsam turba strepituque bibentum.

Also almost any of Prof. Robinson Ellis's renderings into Latin lyrical metres. Perhaps the happiest is from Ben Jonson:

See, see, her sceptre and her crown
Are all of flame, and from her gown
A train of light comes waving down.

Sceptrum cernitis ut vomat
Ignis flammifero cum diademate?
Ut de veste tremens deae
Decurrat liquidi fascia luminis.

In Greek Prof. Murray's choric ode and his Theocritean hexameters are admirable and ingenious: but best of all we think are Mr. Arthur Sidgwick's true and poignant renderings from Browning. Both "Never any more" and "O lyric love" are as good as they can be. And Browning's very modern subtlety must, so far as difficulty goes, be at quite the opposite pole from, say, "Samson Agonistes" or "Sohrab and Rustum." The absence of any index to the work of the different translators is most irritating.

South Africa and the War: II.

The War in South Africa: its Causes and Effects. By J. A. Hobson. (Nisbet & Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

The Death or Glory Boys. By D. H. Parry. (Cassell & Co.)

To Modder River with Methuen. By Alfred Kinnear. (Arrowsmith. 1s.)

Two Million Civilian Soldiers of the Queen, and How to Raise Them. By Richard Bennett. (Simpkin, Marshall. 6d.)

MR. HOBSON is on the side of the Boers, but he expounds their case so temperately that the most imperialist reader will find his book helpful. Indeed, all through these pages there is a see-saw of statement and admission which produces thought rather than conviction. Mr. Hobson writes with knowledge derived from a visit to South Africa in the summer and autumn of last year. His opportunities for studying the political situation were specially good: he was at Pretoria during the critical negotiations, at Bloemfontein when the Free State resolved to stand by the Transvaal, and at Cape Town when the first shot was fired. He talked with prominent men in the two Re-

publics and in the Colony, and that he made the most of his time is clear; still it is necessary to point out that a knowledge of South African politics acquired in a few months can hardly be profound. Mr. Hobson says many striking things, but he reveals the timidity of an honest learner rather than the assurance of a ripened student. Take Mr. Hobson's character-sketch of Mr. Kruger. On one page we are told that a perfectly sound explanation of his wealth is found in his legitimate land operations. On another we have this cautious passage:

It is idle to shirk the accusations brought against the President; they are not merely the vague whispers of agitators on the Rand. Many Transvaalers not hostile to the general policy of Mr. Kruger are evidently staggered and perplexed by certain aspects of that policy and certain incidents in his career. Enemies boldly cast in his teeth personal corruption, insisting that he has taken large sums of money, not merely for the dynamite, but for other concessions and dealings; that he has allowed some members of his family and a little clique of personal friends to enrich themselves by abuse of official power and by lobbying. Upon this matter I have probed many well-informed persons, and can get no sure conclusion. One thing is certain, that Kruger has not what we should call a "nice sense of honour" in these matters. The case of the Salati Railway is conclusive on this point.

Again in his analysis of the Outlanders' motives we have a double-action sentence like this:

Many of these men, as I shall show, were chiefly prompted by purely selfish motives, which would ultimately lead them to use politics against the common weal; but some were moved by a genuine interest in the cause of good government, quickened by the irritation which a sharp-witted business man feels when he sees incompetent people round him muddling things and wasting the public resources.

And when Mr. Hobson comes to the question of official corruption, he gives facts, puts in demurs, redistributes blame. But the same frank admission comes: "There does exist a corrupt gang at Pretoria." Then as to the aims of the war. Mr. Hobson thinks that in effect "we are fighting in order to place a small international oligarchy of mine-owners and speculators in power at Pretoria." We feel very sure that if such motives prompted the war, quite other motives will be enlisted in settling the country after a costly victory. But even Mr. Hobson admits that this international oligarchy—which we believe to have no future existence—"may be better for the country and for the world than the present or any other rule." Mr. Hobson's honesty may weaken his argument, but it is not wasted. His exposition of the state of affairs in South Africa, as he sees it, should sow valuable and humane ideas in the minds of those who read his book.

A handy addition to regimental histories is that of the 17th Lancers, otherwise the "Death or Glory Boys." The regiment, which is one of the smartest and most famous of the British cavalry, was raised in 1759 by Colonel John Hale, the friend of Wolfe, who took the despatches home after the fall of Quebec, and as a reward for his services was allowed to raise and command a regiment of light horse. Colonel Hale was not long in getting to work, as in 1761 a draft of the regiment was sent to Germany to serve under the celebrated Marquess of Granby and Prince Ferdinand. In 1775 it went to America, where it fought in most of the actions in the American War, returning home in 1787. In 1795-96 it was in the West Indies, in 1806-7 in South America, and from 1810 to 1820 in India. Later on it served through the Crimean War, taking part in the famous charge of the Light Brigade, the Mutiny, and the Zulu and Afghan campaigns. Such a roll of services deserves a *vates sacer*, and Mr. Parry has accordingly produced a work which will be read with interest even by those who have never had the honour of serving under the skull

and crossbones. Of course, Mr. Perry's book is a mere tender to the Hon. J. Fortescue's standard *History of the 17th Lancers*, published some years ago. But the 17th is a regiment worshipped of the people, and the price of Mr. Fortescue's book soared above the ordinary pocket.

We hope that the desire to be early in the field with war books will not be responsible for much writing so undistinguished as Mr. Kinnear's. The following sentences, with the amazing printer's bungle at the end, are not untypical of this hasty newspaper performance:

The losses amongst the rankers have proved so heavy, however, that I am afraid to think of the track of sorrow that must follow the return of the Brigade to the Metropolis. I draw a decent veil over the sickening anxiety of the girls of the perambulator of the Bird Cage Walk and the Green Park. Many of these young ladies, wheeling their infantile charges in all innocence of the losses they have sustained, will look, and look in vain, for the once familiar faces, as I have said in detail, my friends the Guards held Methuen's right, and assisted in hurling the Boers slowly across the river.

Mr. Kinnear's book has its better and more informing pages, but haste mars it throughout.

Compulsory service in the Volunteer forces, as these are at present constituted, is suggested by Mr. Richard Bennett as the remedy for our unpreparedness for a great war. Every youth of eighteen years would, under Mr. Bennett's scheme, be compelled to join the local equivalent of the present Volunteer corps; and the author calculates that this diluted form of conscription would yield a splendid civilian army of two millions.

Other New Books.

NIGERIA.

BY CANON ROBINSON.

Canon Robinson, who is Canon Missioner of Ripon and Lecturer in Hausa in the University of Cambridge, here gives the results of his recent journeys among the Hausa people in the Western Soudan. His volume, both for its ethnological value and as an entertaining account of some of the myriad inhabitants of our new protectorate, should find many readers. It will perhaps be particularly interesting to those spectators of the Diamond Jubilee procession who were struck by the fine military fitness of the Hausa troops. The Hausas, of course, are not to be classed with savages in the ordinary use of the word: they are Mohammedans for the most part, and do not lack for good sense. Indeed, Canon Robinson, who comes to these people with much sympathy and a singularly broad mind, admits the *impasse* into which their questions occasionally led him. Once, for example, he was suggesting to a native the undesirability of the Prophet's law permitting four wives to each man. "The argument which he used," says the Canon, "was one to which it seemed impossible to suggest any reply": he held up his hand and drew attention to the fact that God had made it as a pattern of human society—as He had united one thumb to four fingers so He intended one man to be united to four wives. Another native—a boy—after being carefully instructed as to his divine origin, asked if God ("Up-Up") had also made the mosquito ("buz-buz"). The missionary hastened to say that He had. "Then," said the boy, "why does Up-Up let the buz-buz eat me?" There is, of course, a reply to this question, but it seems to be efficacious and satisfying only among more civilised querists. Some of the quotations from Hausa poets which Canon Robinson gives seem to suggest that there is as much moral wisdom among this nation as need be, and example and practice alone are required from us. These are fair specimens of the Hausas' higher sententiousness:

"This life is a sowing-place for the next; all who sow good deeds will behold the great city."

"Whoever chooses this world rejects the choice of the

next; he seizes one cowrie, but loses two thousand cowries."

"We have a journey before us which cannot be put aside, whether you are prepared or unprepared,

Whether by night or just before the dawn, or in the morning when the sun has risen."

But in certain practical matters the Hausas are less happily inspired. For instance, they will not eat eggs, the reason being that if the egg were left it would become a fowl, and that would make a much better meal. A very agreeable book. (Marshall. 5s. net.)

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

BY HAROLD E. GORST.

The new volume in the curiously various and comprehensive "Victorian Era" series. If we say of Mr. Gorst's book that it is a useful guide to Disraeli's career, we shall, perhaps, be expressing the case fully enough; for it is much more than a guide to Disraeli himself. To penetrate that impassive Eastern exterior and lay bare the very man requires gifts of a different order from those exhibited in this work. But so far as it goes, the monograph is praiseworthy, although the author's view has not the largeness we should have liked. He is a partisan too steadily. For Mr. Gladstone and all his ways he has profound disdain, and no opportunity is lost of aggrandising Disraeli at the expense of his great opponent. An historian of nicer perception would have known that this is unnecessary: neither man was invariably right or wrong, and Disraeli would lose nothing by an insistence on certain of his faults. From the very first—when he went to the theatre in velvet, carried a tasseled cane, cultivated a bunch of ringlets over his left cheek, and wore his rings outside his gloves—a glamour settled upon Disraeli's personality; but it has changed in character since his death, and no one would be more amused than he to view the reverence, almost as for a saint, in which his name is now held by certain of the young Tory school—an emotion which will only be fostered by Mr. Gorst's book. For good Imperialists to venerate Disraeli's later policy and deeds is only right; but there is no call to drop the voice when they speak of him. He was too humorous, too cynical, too Oriental a man for that. With all his admiration, Mr. Gorst does not, even politically, make so much of his hero as he might. For instance, the very interesting and characteristic story of the acquisition of the Suez Canal shares is not told—a story in which Disraeli plays a brilliant part. On Disraeli's social side the book is weak: considering that his letter to Carlyle (his old enemy), offering him a pension, is described as exquisite in its delicacy, it ought to have been given, if only as an illustration of Disraeli's epistolary tact. And why did not Mr. Gorst find room for that perfect comparison of Gladstone and Disraeli which was produced at Chelsea in one of the old critic's more inspired sardonic moods? It is true that it hits Disraeli rather hard, but Mr. Gorst would have had the satisfaction of knowing that it hit Gladstone harder. (Blackie. 2s. 6d.)

OLD FRIENDS AT CAMBRIDGE.

BY J. WILLIS CLARK.

Mr. Clark tells us that this volume must take the place—at any rate for the present—of that volume of Recollections or Memoirs which frequently he has been urged to write. It is not, we fear, a very good substitute. The recollections of the Registrar of the University of Cambridge—one who has known most of her sons for the past half century, and is himself among the most zealous of them—would certainly be more to the point than a collection of reviews and biographical notices reprinted from the *Church Quarterly* and the *Saturday*. The book is interesting, for it deals, among others, with Whewell and Thirlwall, Lord Houghton and Henry Bradshaw, E. H. Palmer and Richard Owen; but it lacks the personal character which we have the right to expect from a work entitled *Old Friends at Cambridge*. Mr. Clark suppresses himself

totally. Instead of the record of his own friendships, the book might be merely the fruit of perusal as critic of the biographies of these men as they have appeared. Bishop Thirlwall, for example, Mr. Clark says he never even saw. More, the articles, with the exception of that on Whewell—the best of them—have been printed almost as they were written, at periods ranging from seventeen to four years ago; which means that much interesting information that has since come to light—and we are always collecting new data about notable men in whom we take an interest—has been disregarded; while in not every case have what Mr. Clark calls the obvious and necessary corrections been made, for the author of the *Life of Prof. Palmer* is alluded to throughout as Mr. Besant, although he has been a knight since 1895. In short, we cannot help looking upon this book as rather a scamped performance. With the expenditure of more thought it might have been a real biographical treasury—not, perhaps, worthy to stand beside Dean Burgon's *Twelve Good Men*, for Mr. Clark lacks the required temperament, but worthy of an adjacent place.

We cannot find anything that is very quotable, but the story which Mr. Clark repeats of Whewell's indifference as a tutor may be new to our readers. Whewell took his duties very lightly, and considered the whole thing a bore and an interference; so much so, that it is alleged of him that among a list of pupils which he once gave to his servant to bid to a wine party after Hall was an undergraduate who had been dead some weeks. "Mr. Smith, sir? Why, he died last term, sir," said the man. "You ought to tell me when my pupils die," replied the tutor sternly. (Macmillan. 6s.)

QUEER-SIDE STORIES.

BY JAMES F. SULLIVAN.

MR. SULLIVAN is not only an artist with an appreciation of the queer side of things; as a writer he is possessed of a rather extravagantly boisterous sense of fun; and many of the stories in this volume are undeniably funny. Funny is the precise word, for the reader's response to Mr. Sullivan is rather a guffaw than a chuckle. When he hits upon a good idea, as the idea of the surviving Centaur, or the man afflicted with the malady of foreseeing the future, who can spot the winning number at Monte Carlo, or see the coming misfortunes of his friends, then Mr. Sullivan is really funny: and the good ideas give colour to a considerable proportion of the volume. But when he strikes on a worked-out claim, such as the "Beauty College Co.," it is only natural that the comic element is small; for Mr. Sullivan depends entirely upon incident; and when the incident fails Mr. Sullivan fails. As an instance of his method we may take the story of Moozeby, which in motive has many points of resemblance to Mr. Wells's story of the man who could work miracles. It illustrates admirably the different methods of treating the grotesquely supernatural which the two writers adopt. Mr. Wells interests us in the commonplace clerk who suddenly discovers himself to be possessed of miraculous gifts; indeed, the charm of the story lies in the pathetic inability of the stick-and-a-pipe young man to raise his imagination to the level of his possibilities. That is comedy. Mr. Sullivan's Moozeby is only a puppet in the hands of circumstance, and we are interested only in the absurdity of incident. Which is farce. But if Mr. Sullivan's characters are not characters at all, only marionettes dancing to the jerk of the author's hand, it must be admitted that he jerks shrewdly. (Downey & Co.)

LUCIAN, THE SYRIAN
SATIRIST.BY LIEUT.-COL. HENRY
W. L. HIME.

It is a little difficult to see the object of this volume. Probably Lucian has been a leisure delight and solace to Lieut.-Col. Hime, but that hardly justifies him in writing a monograph. He has got up his subject carefully

enough, but he does not dispose of that first-hand learning which marks M. Croiset's *Essai sur Lucien*, nor has he the critical gift which made the brilliant exposition of the Syrian writer in Mr. Charles Whibley's "Studies in Frankness" so attractive a thing. In fact, Lieut.-Col. Hime shows rather a heavy hand in dealing with the literary felicities and delicate ironies of his chosen author. His solemn indictment of Lucian's morals can only provoke a smile. Lucian has no reverence or humanity. He laughs at Helen among the shades or the Cynic Proteus immolating himself in the flames out of philosophy—and in a dirty shirt. This, says Lieut.-Col. Hime, is "awful mirth." Well, but what does one go to Lucian for if it is not to be entertained by witty inhumanity? He does not claim our tears or our aspirations; and there are Sternes enough for the melting mood. We do not wish to part on terms of ill-will with Lieut.-Col. Hime, for after all it must tend to the emollience of manners that moderns should read the classics, even with imperfect apprehension; and, fortunately, he puts us in a good temper by finishing up with a long extract from the ever delightful *Vera Historia*. In the company of the Hippogrygians, who dwell in the Moon, and are reigned over by none other than Endymion and the Lactanopters who ride upon fowls with wings of lettuce and wort leaves, and the Caulomycetes who have shields of mushrooms and spears of asparagus stalks, and the Cynobalians who are dog-faced men and bestride winged acorns, and all the rest of the happy Selenian host, we are willing to have done with criticism and end with nothing less than gratitude. (Longmans.)

Fiction.

The Princess Xenia. By H. B. Marriott Watson.
(Harper & Brothers. 6s.)

MR. CHRISTOPHER LAMBERT was idling his youth away in Dreiburg, the capital of an independent but particularly small Teutonic State, when a lawyer from London called upon him with the information that he had inherited four-and-a-half millions of money. Christopher did not rush immediately off to Paris to spend it, nor even to London. Being a young man of fancies, he conceived the idea of becoming Providence to this State and to the two equally small and equally independent States which bounded it on either side. Beginning with an entanglement in a revolutionary society, he gradually inserted himself into the politics of the three States, and took a hand in the great game of playing off Austria against Germany. The bestowal of the Princess Xenia in marriage made a large item in the game. Xenia desired one prince; policy demanded another. Christopher used his millions to please the lady. In the result his meddling brought death and disaster into the lands over which Christopher had constituted himself Providence. A German army corps interfered, and, when confronted with a German army corps, this Providence whose omnipotence extended only to four millions and a half had to confess a miserable failure. Xenia found herself without even a home, and we are led to suppose that she married the ex-Providence, who had still some three millions left.

Such, briefly, is the matter of Mr. Marriott Watson's modern romance. It is a most readable and carefully-wrought book, and though one may commence by being prejudiced by the author's mannerisms and affectations and his lack of resource at critical moments, one finishes by a surrender to the general charm and glitter of the tale.

It is ingenious, subtle, and sometimes brilliant, and some of the characters, notably the quasi-adventuress Katarina, are very well done. The chief fault of it seems to be that Christopher possesses but little talent for intrigue. He

has a habit of getting himself into corners, and from these Mr. Marriott Watson extricates him by means that are neither novel nor convincing. His escape from the session of the secret society (end of Chapter II.) is an example of this: "A crash followed, the wall rocked and opened, and his body disappeared beneath the tangled confusion of the curtain." The curtain device is really too old. The author refers to the "magnificent imperturbability" of his hero. We may say that this imperturbability is carried to excess. And further, Christopher uses his millions crudely. He pays them, whereas a genius at the trade would merely have manipulated them:

"I understand that the claim of Germany is for ten million marks. Your Highness, Herr Chancellor, gentlemen of the Council—" He felt swiftly in his pocket, and produced a bundle of documents. "There," he cried, flinging them with theatrical effect upon the table—"there lies this miserable debt! In that packet you will find, Mr. Treasurer, securities for close upon twelve million marks. Your Highness, I think now that Germany can trouble you no further."

Amazement ran round the room like an electric shock, starting the faces of the Councillors; and then a cry broke from the Treasurer, who loved a full purse and had a pedantic pride in his office, and who had seized upon the roll.

"Ach, God! your Highness," he shrieked, "they are English! It is good. English consols, English railways, English corporation bonds—there is no sight so beautiful!" He wiped his spectacles, which had grown moist from his emotion.

"It is an answer to our prayers," murmured the Grand-Duke.

We have referred to Mr. Marriott Watson's mannerisms and affectations. These are mainly literary. We will mention a few instances out of scores. Would a man in the last distress speak to a girl thus: "I have the misfortune to be pursued; my life is at stake. *Believe me, I would not disconcert you so much upon a lesser provocation.*" On page 92, Xenia's eyes are described as "large and equitable." Did they, then, resemble a certain insurance company, or a right of redemption under a mortgage? On page 26 is the phrase: "A sudden thrill plucking at his nerves." A string would vibrate after being plucked, but how can a thrill pluck? Finally, we consider that the following sentence has been tortured out of both elegance and correctness: "The maid took him to the door, and as he passed out, placing his hat in the act on his silvered hair, watched him with rude respect."

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THEIR SILVER WEDDING JOURNEY. By W. D. HOWELLS.

A pleasant story, full of the Howellsian detail, of a tired New York editor and his wife who had met in Europe in their youth, and now, to brace their nerve and escape from American ruts, re-visit Europe. Their time is spent mainly in Germany. There is much pleasant travel gossip, and, indeed, this is strictly a novel of travel, written with the quiet alertness and comparative independence of dialogue which are the author's note: "There were not many young people on board of saloon quality, and these were mostly girls. The young men were mainly of the smoking-room sort; they seldom risked themselves among the steamer chairs. It was gayer in the second cabin, and gayer yet in the steerage, where robust emotions were operated by the accordion." (Harper & Bros. 6s.)

BABES IN THE BUSH.

By ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

To remind the reader that this novel is by the author of *Robbery Under Arms* and *The Squatter's Dream* is to indicate its character. Prairie life, sheep-bells, hard riding, shrewd finance, and civilisation in the desert—these, and love, are the ingredients of a virile story. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE MONEY SENSE.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

A story with an avowed moral. "The story of Angelique is not a far-fetched one; alas! it is not an uncommon one; . . . it is the story . . . of any woman who marries from other than the one motive . . . A comfortable home—what is it? A silken curtain—a flounce of lace—an indigestible dish!" (Grant Richards. 6s.)

CINDER-PATH TALES.

By WILLIAM LINDSEY.

Athletics might well have produced more fictional literature than it has done hitherto. Here we have nine attractive short stories dealing with racing and jumping, &c., &c. A group of workmen who were "putting the shot" in their luncheon hour are well described in "The Hollow Hammer." Here we read: "Among the few remembrances of my books is that dialogue of Plato which describes the sensations of Socrates at first seeing the beautiful youth Charmides. Well (may Socrates forgive me the comparison), I had the same feeling when I first looked at Angus MacLeod on that June day, back in the 'sixties.'" (Grant Richards. 6s.)

UNCLE PETER.

By SEMA JEB.

A work of somewhat tortuous autobiography. The story is not easy to follow, partly by reason of the author's interjections and asides; but at the outset Uncle Peter and he dwelt in unity on the Norway coast. Afterwards come school and university life, sport and love, and in the end Uncle Peter deals in furs and converts the heathen. (Unwin. 6s.)

DORA MYRL.

By M. McD. BODKIN, Q.C.

Mr. Bodkin's first work of fiction was *Paul Beck, the Rule of Thumb Detective*. Dora Myrl supplies Paul Beck with a companion, for she is a lady detective. This book is a series of twelve episodes, all tending to display Miss Myrl's superlative gifts of deduction and opportunism. We must confess that some of the mysteries which she unravels are fairly obvious. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)

CAPTAIN SATAN: THE ADVENTURES
OF CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

FROM THE FRENCH.

This is a translation of Louis Gallet's novel founded on the exploits of the seventeenth century "poet, philosopher, swordsman, and hero," who has become one of the most striking figures in modern drama. A portrait of the hero, whose full name was Savinien Hercule de Cyrano Bergerac, is given as frontispiece, and the book has a timely relation to the forthcoming production, by Mr. Wyndham, of an English version of M. Rostand's famous play. (Jarrold. 6s.)

THE PREPARATION OF
RYERSON EMBURY.

By ALBERT R. CARMAN.

A novel of industrial life and social purpose laid in the Canadian college town of Ithica. The motto is from the *Light of Asia*:

. . . But, looking deep, he saw
The thorns which grew upon this rose of life;
How the swart peasant sweated for his wage,
Toiling for leave to live.

(Unwin. 6s.)

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The Fiction of Popular Magazines.

An Inquiry.

THE large circulations achieved by the three principal sixpenny illustrated magazines are the fruit of the most resolute and business-like attempt ever made to discover and satisfy the popular taste in monthly journalism. The conductors of these periodicals postulated an immense remunerative public which knew only "what it liked," and cared for no other consideration whatever; and then they proceeded to prove its existence. They were so fortunate as to be unhampered with any preconceptions about art and the ethics of art. Training their ears to catch the least vibration of that *vox populi* which for them was divine, they simply listened and learnt; and they learnt the quicker by sternly ignoring those beautiful and plaintive cries which had misled their predecessors in the same enterprise—the cries of originality, of force, of cleverness, of mere loveliness, of artistic or moral didacticism. In other terms, the great Commercial Idea was at work naked and strenuous in a field where all previous labourers had clothed themselves in the impeding mantle of some genteel unmercantile Aim, divulged or unconfessed. Singleness of purpose, especially when reinforced by capital, is bound to triumph, and it has triumphed in this case. After much research and experiment, the formula for a truly popular magazine has been arrived at; development is accordingly arrested, at any rate, for a time; the sixpenny monthly is stereotyped into a pattern, the chief details of which can be predicted with exactitude from month to month.

Now the fine flower of every magazine is its fiction, predominant among the other "features" in attractiveness, quality, and expense. It is the fiction which first and chiefly engages the editorial care, which has been most the subject of experiment, and which (perhaps for that very reason) is in the result the most strictly prescribed. We shall be justified in believing that the imaginative literature now printed in the popular magazines coincides with the popular taste as precisely as the limitations of human insight and ingenuity will permit. It assumes, of course, varied forms; but we are concerned only with the most characteristic form—that which is to be found equally in each magazine, and which may, therefore, be said to speak the final word of editorial cunning. This form, without doubt, is the connected series of short stories, of five or six thousand words each, in which the same characters, pitted against a succession of criminals or adverse fates, pass again and again through situations thrillingly dangerous, and merge at length into the calm security of ultimate conquest. It may be noted, by the way, that such a form enables the reader to enjoy the linked excitements of a serial tale without binding him to peruse every instalment. Its universal adoption is a striking instance of that obsequious pampering of mental laziness and apathy which marks all the most successful modern journalism. Dr. Conan Doyle invented it, or reinvented it to present uses. The late Grant Allen added

to it a scientific subtlety somewhat beyond the appreciation of the sixpenny public. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has not disdained to modify it to his own ends. But the typical and indispensable practiser of it at the moment is Mrs. L. T. Meade. The name of Mrs. Meade, who began by writing books for children, is uttered with a special reverence in those places where they buy and sell fiction. She is ever prominent in the contents bills, if not of one magazine, then of another. She has the gift of fertility; but were she twice as fertile she could not easily meet the demand for her stories. With no genius except a natural instinct for pleasing the mass, she has accepted the form from other hands, and shaped it to such a nicety that editors exclaim on beholding her work, "*This is it!*" And they gladly pay her six hundred guineas for a series of ten tales.

In a sequence entitled *The Brotherhood of the Seven Kings*, by Mrs. Meade and Mr. Robert Eustace (it should be stated that Mrs. Meade employs a collaborator who, to use her own words, supplies "all the scientific portion of each story"), the hero is a philosopher and recluse, young, but with a past, and the sinister heroine is a woman of bewitching beauty who controls a secret society. Mrs. Meade has said to an interviewer that her stories "are all crowded with incident, and have enough plot in each to furnish forth a full novel." This is quite true. There is no padding whatever; incident follows incident with the curt-ness of an official despatch. In every story the recluse and the beauty come to grips, usually through the medium of some third person whom the latter wishes to ruin and the former to save. In nearly every story the main matter is the recital of an attempt by the heroine or her minions to deal out death in a novel and startling manner. Some of these attempts are really ingenious—for example, those by fever germ, tsetse-tsetse fly, focus tube (through the wall of a house), circlet and ebbing-tide, explosive thermometer. Others—such as those involving the poison-scented brougham and the frozen grave—seem a little absurd; and the same is to be said of the beauty's suicide in an oxy-hydrogen flame giving a heat of 2,400 degrees Centigrade. Besides all these mortal commotions, the book teems with minor phenomena in which science is put to the service of melodrama. Thus, after the detective had covered the heroine with his revolver, "the next instant, as if wrenched from his grasp by some unseen power, the weapon leapt from Ford's hands, and dashed itself with terrific force against the poles of an enormous electro-magnet beside him . . . Madame must have made the current by pressing a key on the floor with her foot . . . 'It is my turn to dictate terms,' she said, in a steady, even voice." But perhaps the marvels of modern science are best illustrated in this succinct and lucid explanation of the destruction of a priceless vase: "It was not till some hours afterwards that the whole Satanic scheme burst upon me. The catastrophe admitted of but one explanation. The dominant note, repeated in two bars when all the instruments played together in harmony, must have been the note accordant with that of the cup of the goblet, and, by the well-known laws of acoustics, when so played it shattered the goblet."

For the rest, the well-tried machinery of coincidences, overheard conversations, and dropped papers is employed to push the action forward. "It is strange how that woman gets to know all one's friends and acquaintances," says the hero of the heroine. And it is strange. The descriptive passages present no novelties. Of a duke it is said: "He was well dressed, and had the indescribable air of good-breeding which proclaims the gentleman." The symptoms of mental uplifting and extreme agitation are set forth in quite the usual manner: "Two hectic spots burned on his pale cheeks, and the glitter in his eyes showed how keen was the excitement which consumed him." On the rare occasions when the hero allows himself to soliloquise for the reader's benefit, his thought and

language are conceived on the simple theatrical lines of an address to a jury: "From henceforth my object would be to expose Mme. Kolusky. By so doing, my own life would be in danger; nevertheless, my firm determination was not to leave a stone unturned to place this woman and her confederates in the felon's dock of an English criminal court." Lastly, it is to be observed and specially remembered that the "love-interest," so often stated to be indispensable to the literature of the British public, amounts to nothing at all in *The Brotherhood of the Seven Kings*. Certain pretty and amiable girls (Vivien Delacour is one, and Geraldine de Brett is another) cross the stage from time to time, bringing some odour of pure passion; but in the dry light of that science which dominates and pervades every theme, these wistful creatures and their adorations are absolutely negligible.

"Wonderful imagination!" exclaims the reader whom the stories are so cleverly designed to allure, echoing the question of the hero's legal friend, Dufrayer: "Who would believe that we were living in the dreary nineteenth century?" Ask this reader what he wants in fiction, and he will reply that he wants something "to take him out of himself." He thinks that he has found that magical something; but he has not found it, nor does he in truth want it. Nothing in a literary sense annoys him more than to be taken out of himself; he always resents the operation. The success of these most typical stories depends largely on the fact that they essay no such perilous feat. In the whole of *The Brotherhood of the Seven Kings* I have discovered not a trace of imagination, no attempt to realise a scene, no touch of vehemence nor spark of poetic flame. Nor is there any spirituality or fresh feeling for any sort of beauty. The spirit and the things of the spirit are ignored utterly. That coma of the soul in which nine men out of every ten exist from the cradle to the grave is thus never disturbed as imagination must necessarily disturb it. Imagination arouses imagination, and spurs the most precious of human faculties to an effort corresponding in some degree with the effort of the artist. To enjoy a work of imagination is no pastime, rather a sweet but fatiguing labour. After a play of Shakespeare or a Wagnerian opera, repose is needed. Only a madman like Louis of Bavaria could demand *Tristan* twice in one night. The principle of this extreme case is the principle of all cases: effort for effort, and the greater the call the greater the response. The listener, the reader, is compelled by a law of nature to do his share. The point about a member of the sixpenny public is that he coldly declines to do his share. He pays his sixpence; the writer is expected to do the rest, and to do it with discretion. There is to be no changing of the aspect; no invitation to the soul, that poor victim of atrophy, to run upstairs for the good of its health. The man has come home to his wife, his slippers, and his cigar, and shall he be asked to go mountaineering?

What, then, is it in these *gesta* of scoundrels and detectives which suits and soothes him? It is the quality of invention—a quality entirely apart from imagination. To see the facts of life—his facts, the trivial, external, vulgar, unimportant facts—taken and woven into new and surprising patterns: this amuses him, while calling for no exertion. He watches the wonderful process (and, of course, it can be made wonderful) as a child watches its Australian uncle perform miracles of architecture with an old, familiar box of bricks. But he surpasses the child in simplicity, because he fancies the box of bricks has changed into something else. He fancies he is outside the dull nursery of his own existence, and watching brighter scenes; yet the window-bars were never more secure or the air less free. Pathetic and extraordinary self-deception!

E. A. B.

The Amateur Critic.

The Style-Maker's Style.

ALLUSIONS to Mr. Henley's old literary dictatorship, and his brood of young stylists, are so numerous that it amuses me to see how Mr. Henley is now writing with new pyrotechnics of style. In the March *Pall Mall Magazine*, Mr. Henley takes solemn leave of the year 1899. "The year's end was ever a time for meditation." Ye gods and little fishes! Fancy Mr. Henley allowing one of his old contributors to "meditate" in print at the end of a year. Brixton might meditate, but no Scottish observer. "Mr. Phillips, who is (I insist on it) [when did Mr. Henley insist in the old days?—He merely legislated], has taken up the formula of *Lear* and *Othello* and *Hamlet*, and into this tremendous mould has poured his hectic, earnest, amiable, extremely well-meaning, and at times indubitably elegant self: with the result that everybody must applaud and admire him to a certain point; and that nobody outside the chorus but must urge him to cut Shakespeare and the form which Shakespeare beggared and exhausted, and do (I can't help it: slang is good enough for me in a high-toned case like his) 'a little bit on his own.'" Again, how different! In the next sentence we find Mr. Henley exclaiming: "Keats—dear Keats! *You* were reared in a sterner school." Henley—dear Henley—so were you. "I can say little of the Stevenson *Letters*; for the very simple reason that I decline to write, on any terms, about R. L. S. until the final estimate is given to the world." Does Mr. Henley expect to see the final estimate of Stevenson? I hope he will, that so he may live long, or Stevenson be soon "placed." Mr. Colvin's *éloge* of Stevenson is "a thing chaste yet spirited, academic yet significant, elegant and at the same time touched with vision and emotion." Dear, dear!—in the old days Mr. Henley wrote nouns. To-day his "*Ex Libris*" is like his own description of *A Double Thread*: "a fairy absurdity tempered by effects in epigram."

W. S. H.

A King of Men.

I, too, have seen the forest-bred lions in the arena described in your "Things Seen" last week; but in the impression it left upon me they did not figure as bleared-eyed and broken-spirited; nor can I think of their tamer as a perpetually smiling gentleman. What I seemed to be seeing as this wonderful performance went forward was a most interesting pact between man and beast, a mutual compromise, an armed neutrality. In return for hours of indolence and repletion, and not too severe a discipline, the lions consent to a little submissive mountebanking twice a day; but they keep their dignity even on the see-saw, and a thousand signs during their possession of the arena made it clear to me that their independence is still intact, that the instant these terms are broken, the instant that the indolence and the repletion are interfered with or the hand of discipline is too heavy, the understanding will be broken, and the tamer must look to himself. His nerve was superb, his watchfulness unceasing and deadly. The faintest suspicion of mutiny and a dominating glance shot out, the terrorising whip flicked, and all was well. But think of the strain! At first the lions held all my gaze, but after a while it was the tamer and not the tamed that won. There went a man who held his life in his hand; a momentary giddiness, a fall, a second of mistrust in self, and the end would come: so one felt. Sooner or later, it has been written, the lions always conquer, the tamers always perform once too often. Yet here was a man in the midst of a score of them. Surely it is worth while for the king of beasts to be cramped and humiliated a little if a king of men can be thus evolved!

P. B.

A Gap in Literature.

How is it that no one nowadays will be at the pains to describe towns? Is Leicester so like Norwich, is Leeds so like Birmingham, and are all so like London that towns are no longer worth distinguishing and describing? A better field for observation than this does not offer, and yet it lies fallow. Our topographers write fine things about the country; they spin legends and day-dreams round our ruins; and they digress—ah, how they digress!—to London and books. A tall chimney on the horizon is their signal to retreat; and they boast of their ignorance of Sheffield. Even small towns are lightly dismissed. Where shall I find in a recent book four pages of observation and comment on a town the size of Pontefract? I turn to Mr. Arthur H. Norway's *Highways and Byways in Yorkshire*, a charming book; but what do I find about Pontefract? Mr. Norway stands on the castle hill and gossips and laments in an improved Howitt vein about Richard the Second, and tells a tale of the Cavaliers, and wishes he had space to speak of "half the memories of Pontefract." Page after page passes, and I look in vain for a vignette of Pontefract of to-day. Yet the past should be seen through the present. The castle from which Mr. Norway surveyed history looks down on fields of liquorice. This liquorice is made into the Pontefract Cakes, tiny circular sweetmeats, on every one of which an impression of the castle is stamped; and these cakes are sucked by children all over the North of England. Not a word about this in Mr. Norway's pages. Not a word about the oldest inhabitant's memories. Ten or fifteen years ago a giant lived at Pontefract; was there nothing to say about him? And surely my memory is not at fault in recalling that Pontefract sent a prize-fighter to represent it in Parliament! Why do we miss these local facts and flavours? When he comes to Whitby Mr. Norway writes charmingly about Hilda—who could not?—but he has nothing to say about the Whitby jet, the peculiar wealth of the beach, and a source of profit to local lapidaries. In the same way York suffers by Mr. Norway's close pre-occupation with the antique and the picturesque. He can rhapsodise on St. Mary's Abbey without noticing Etty's grave. We are told nothing about the Ouse, its traffic and its winter floods; nothing about the city's populous railway life, its *campus martius* at Strensall. We are told how a very ancient mayor of Scarborough was tossed in a blanket, but the present place of Scarborough in the affections of Yorkshire, its spa and harbour life, and its strong Quaker tone, are not touched upon. When he comes to Leeds Mr. Norway sees Kirkstall Abbey—that is all. He says that, with this exception, "I am as ignorant of Leeds as Tristram was of Calais." As to Wakefield he is equally frank: It is "the town which was made illustrious by its association with Pinder who fought with Robin Hood," and Mr. Norway adds in excuse for another dive into legend: "I have neither patience nor leisure to search through the hilly streets for characteristics of the citizens." And yet this is the business of topography. Without such observation towns become mere texts for historical essays and sentimental retrospects. Is English town life of no literary account? I do not love Leeds, but I think I could find something to say about it. Leeds has its own life, and the Leeds man is not as the Manchester man. Is the roughness and jollity of Briggate not worth contrasting with the sober buttoned-up behaviour of the people in Corporation-street, Birmingham? In Mr. Norway's pages I find no attempt to describe Yorkshire towns; Halifax and Bradford and Sheffield are not even indexed. It may be said that this is a book for tourists, but are tourists entirely without curiosity in these matters? In any case, where am I to look for keen, clever characterisations of English towns as they are? Mr. G. W. Steevens's work was indeed unfinished.

W.

Illic Jacet.

Oh hard is the bed they have made him,
And common the blankets and cheap,
But there he will lie as they laid him:
Where else could you trust him to sleep?

To sleep when the bugle is crying
And cravens have heard and are brave,
When mothers and sweethearts are sighing
And lads are in love with the grave.

Oh dark is the bedside and lonely,
And lights and companions depart,
But lief will he lose them and only
Behold the desire of his heart.

Oh thin is the quilt, but it covers
A sleeper content to repose,
And far from his friends and his lovers
He lies with the sweetheart he chose.

A. E. HOUSMAN.

Correspondence.

An Enquiry from South Africa.

SIR,—I have lately been reading Lord Beaconsfield's novels, and write to ask whether you could either supply me with a key to the various characters, or else tell me where I may find one? It would, no doubt, be an easy task for anyone well posted in the political history of the earlier part of this century to identify not only every important character, but also all the important events which figure in these stories; and such a list would add immensely to the interest of ordinary readers like myself, who find themselves ill-supplied in this respect. There might, in the case of Disraeli's novels, be more justification than usual for the "Introductions" so fashionable at the present time.

In this connexion I have been wondering what may be the technical definition of (1) the historical novel proper, and (2) the modern *roman à clef*, and what the actual line of demarcation between them? In which class are we to place Lord Beaconsfield's brilliant works? The subject has raised some interesting questions in my mind, which I should be glad to see treated at length by a competent hand. For instance, how should we class *The School for Saints*, by John Oliver Hobbes? I am, unfortunately, no historical student to appreciate fully the accuracy of Mrs. Craigie's sketch of her period; but I should suppose that both *The School for Saints* and its companion, *Robert Grange* (which I have not yet seen), will rank, in the next century, as standard historical novels.

Again, am I right in assuming that the true *roman à clef* must present one or more portraits drawn not merely from "the life," but from the life of some distinguished public character? On this assumption, Mr. W. H. Mallock's piquant *New Republic* would be a model of the *roman à clef*, for its characters are all thinly disguised portraits of more or less famous persons. We know that many of the actors in Dickens's and Thackeray's stories are literary reproductions of obscure people, known to and studied by these observant writers—but while they seem to have confined themselves to the delineation of character rather than of actual events in the lives of individuals, other authors, whose names occur to me, have combined both character and incident. The only instances among the classics which I can recall, for the moment, are George Eliot in one of *The Scenes from Clerical Life*, Charlotte Brontë in *The Professor*, and George Meredith in *Sandra Belloni* (?); but among the moderns examples are more numerous. *Stalky & Co.*, by Mr. Kipling; *The Green Carnation*, *Flames*, and "The Boudoir Boy" (short story), by Mr. R. S.

Hichens; *A Child of the Jago*, by Mr. Arthur Morrison; *The Journalist*, by Mr. C. F. Keary; *Dodo*, by Mr. E. F. Benson; *Aylwin*, by Mr. T. Watts-Dunton; *The Hypocrite* and *Miss Malevolent*, by Mr. "R. G."; *The Colossus*, by Mr. Morley Roberts; and *The Individualist*, by Mr. W. H. Mallock, in which (*pace* the author) it is difficult not to detect more than one "study from the life." It is comparatively easy for anyone acquainted with "town" and "varsity" life since the early nineties to fit names to a great many of the characters in the above list—but there must be a great many more, either unread or undetected by myself. I can, for example, well believe that several of Miss Violet Hunt's creations have walked or do walk this earth, though I have either not met or not recognised their prototypes in the flesh. I cannot help feeling that a thorough treatment of this subject by a professional student of modern fiction would be of interest to the reading public.—I am, &c.,
P. V. K.

South Africa: Jan. 29, 1900.

"Her Sky-Blue Eggs."

SIR,—I have read with much interest in my ACADEMY your review of Mr. Le Gallienne's latest work. A gentleman with such a pretty pen for describing nature as Mr. Le Gallienne should know better than accuse a wren of laying a sky-blue egg.—I am, &c.,

THOMAS CALLOWAY.

Freshwater, Isle of Wight: Feb. 19, 1900.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

FROM SEA TO SEA.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Mr. Kipling has collected the stories, articles, and special correspondence which he contributed to the *Civil and Military Gazette* and the *Pioneer* between 1887 and 1889. But he evidently does not wish these volumes to be taken too seriously. He says: "I have been forced to this action by the enterprise of various publishers who, not content with disinterring old newspaper work from the decent seclusion of the office files, have in several instances seen fit to embellish it with additions and interpolations." Yet no student of Mr. Kipling's writings would be without his impressions of the United States, with the rollicking description of San Francisco, and the terribly uncompromising picture of Chicago. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 6s. each.)

THE BENDING OF THE BOUGH.

BY GEORGE MOORE.

This is one of the three plays which are being given this week at the Irish Literary Theatre in Dublin. Mr. Moore's play, which has five acts and eighteen characters, deals with municipal life, its ideals and corruptions. We have already quoted a portion of Mr. Moore's introduction, which appeared as an article in the *Fortnightly Review*. (Unwin.)

THE ENGLISH CATALOGUE OF BOOKS FOR 1899.

Once more this indispensable annual catalogue is issued. All the well-known and well-tried features are retained. (Sampson Low. 6s. net.)

THE LIFE OF JOHN NIXON. BY JAMES EDMUND VINCENT.

We have here a contribution to the literature of self-help. Mr. Nixon, a great South Wales coal-owner, rose from the position of a collier's overman to be a millionaire. His name was not widely known outside

South Wales. Commercial self-interest was the prominent principle of Mr. Nixon's life, and there is no endeavour to place him on a pedestal; but it is claimed by his biographer that he was the soul of honesty and "one of the chief founders and a pioneer among the principal promoters of the prosperity of a great district of the country." (John Murray. 10s. 6d.)

THE COUNTY PALATINE
OF DURHAM.

BY GALLARD THOMAS
LAPSLEY.

A work like this is sure of its interested readers, few but loyal. The aim of the book is clearly explained by its author. "During the middle ages . . . the county of Durham was withdrawn from the ordinary administration of the kingdom of England and governed by its Bishop . . . But the community of Durham had the same social and economic requirements and dangers as the rest of the kingdom; accordingly there developed in the county a group of institutions reproducing all the essential characteristics of the central government. To exhibit the growth of these institutions . . . is the object of the present study, which thus becomes the constitutional history of an English county." (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)

CYCLOPEDIA OF CLASSIFIED DATES. BY CHARLES E. LITTLE.

This is a big work in every sense. It contains about 95,000 entries of important historical events. There is a threefold classification: first, the classification by countries, or by geographical location; second, the classification by dates; third, the classification according to the nature of the event itself. This classification, it will be noted, answers the questions which one must ask concerning any event: Where? When? What? (Funk & Wagnalls.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received:

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Bartlett (J. V.), *The Apostolic Age: Its Life, Doctrine, Worship, and Polity* (T. & T. Clark)
Brierley (Helen), *Morgan Brierley* (Rochdale: James Clogg)
Groser (H. G.), *Field-Marshal Lord Roberts* (Melrose) net 1/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Hiller (H. Croft), *Heresies. Vol. II.* (Richards) 5/0
Halliburton (W. D.), *Handbook of Physiology* (Murray) 14/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Andrews (John), *A Journey Round My Room. From the French of De Maistre* (Bryan & Co.) net 2/6

EDUCATIONAL.

Stock (St. George), *Logic* (Blackwell)
Downie (John), *Macaulay's Essay on Horace Walpole* (Blackie) 2/0
Lyde (Lionel W.), *A Geography of the British Empire* (Black) net 1/0
Lyde (Lionel W.), *The Age of Hawks* (Black)
Laming (W. Cecil), *Livy, Book V.* (Blackie) 2/3
Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. X. (Ginn & Co.) net 6/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wilson (Dr. Andrew), *Brain and Body: The Nervous System in Social Life* (Bowden) 1/6
Little (Charles E.), *Cyclopædia of Classified Dates* (Funk & Wagnalls) 40/0
Hymns of Modern Thought, with Music (Houghton & Co.)

NEW EDITIONS.

Browning (Robert), *The Earlier Monologues* (Dent) 1/6
Tennyson (Lord), *Maud, and Other Poems* (Dent) 1/6
Spencer (E.), *Cakes and Ale* (Richards) 2/0
Boulger (G. S.), *Flowers of the Field* (S.P.C.K.)
Borrow (George), *Lavengro* (Gresham Pub. Co.)
Goldsmith (O.), *She Stoops to Conquer* (Dent) net 1/0
Whyte-Melville (G. J.), *The White Rose* (Ward, Lock) 3/6
The Works of Shakespeare. (Larger Temple Ed.) Vols. VII. and VIII. (Dent) net 4/6
Milton (John), *Poetical Works* (Clarendon Press) 7/6
Milton (John), *Poetical Works, Oxford Miniature Milton* (Frowde) 3/6

* * * New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

Our Weekly Prize Competitions.

Result of No. 22 (New Series).

We asked last week for four-lined mottoes suitable to be inscribed on a house. The response has been very large, and we should like to have room for more of the quatrains than are below given. The most suitable is, we think, this by C. C. Bell, Epworth, Doncaster :

I who designed this House to be
As 'twere the outer Shell of Me,
Would that Myself in It express
Might win my Friend to be my Guest.

Here is a selection of the best of the others :

I prithee stay, good friend,
Here is thy journey's end :
A home of joy and peace
Where cares and sorrows cease.

[F. E. A., Manchester.]

Look East for Light,
Look West at Night,
Seek God above,
At home seek Love.

[E. U., London.]

A window on the sunny side,
A little door, too low for pride,
Too strong for want and woe to pass—
Hic habitat felicitas.

[A. R. R., Forest Hill.]

Whenever from my walls my sons depart,
However far they roam,
I still must be a memory in the heart,
For I am Home.

[S. L. O., Cambridge.]

Brick is my body, human is my soul ;
Thus man and mansion make a perfect whole.
Body, long mayst thou unimpaired endure,
And soul, as long be happy and secure !

[E. C. W., Oxford.]

May this, my tent upon the field of life,
Prove a safe refuge from the ills of strife.
Here let me find, howe'er my fortunes trip,
Good sense, good humour, and good fellowship.

[F. E. W., London.]

Though built of mortar, brick, and stone,
Hope, fear, love, joy, and grief I've known ;
And wandering hearts where'er they roam,
Still turn to me, for this is Home.

[M. C. B., Ascot.]

Saws, enough to fill a tome,
Speak the joys of "hearth and home"—
Stones supply a hearth, I take it ;
But a home is what you make it !

[L. W., London.]

This house of mine no palace is,
No lordly towers it hath, I wis ;
Yet am I blest—in that its nooks
Contain "old wine, old friends, old books" !

[F. M., London.]

Say not this house was built in vain
If ever in these walls be heard
Just one small faith-reviving word,
Or one small utterance soothing pain.

[E. G. H., Cambridge.]

Replies received also from : T. V. N., South Woodford ; G. E. M., London ; W. T. B., Manchester ; J. D. A., London ; A. H., Witton Park ; W. M., Newport ; W. C. C., London ; R. M., Brighton ; C. S., Brighton ; G. R. G., Shelton ; B., West Bromwich ; M. H., Ascot ; E. H., Didsbury ; H., Brighton ; M. P., Wallingford ; V. D., London ; R. W. M., London ; J. G., Bradford ; L. L., London ; T. B., Artane ; C., Redhill ; E. G. B., London ; T. W. K., Coatham ; M. J., London ; F. G. C., Hull ; J. B. H., Sheffield ; C. S. O., Brighton ; K. G. W., Gerrard's Cross ; R. R. W., Sudbury ; K. E. R., Matlock ; E. S. H., Bradford ; W. M. R., Manchester ; C. H. F., London ; M. H., Twyford ; W. E. T., Caterham Valley ; B. G., Barnsley ; E. B., Liverpool ; C. S., London ; C. M. W., Meltham ; A. G., Gourock ; G., Reigate ; A. E. H., London ; F. G. G., London ; M. P. F., Birmingham ; E. D., London ; G. N., Clifton ; A. B., Isleworth ; J. R. M., Manchester ; M. A. W., London ; H. P. B., Glasgow ; G. W. S., London ; T. C., Buxted ; P. S. W., Sutton ; T. B., Cheltenham ; T. G. A., London ; S. F. W. S., Kingston-on-Thames ; R. F. M., Whitby ; F. H. B., Sutton ; T. S., Brighton ; B. R., London ; T. H. J., London ; A. P. W., Winchester ; F. M. S., Bristol ; M. C., Braintree ; V. B. M., Cambridge ; C. M. G., Newtown ; E. K. L., Birkenhead ; E. C. M. D., Crediton ; L. L., London ; D. W., Aspley Guise ; S. H., Warwick ; H. S., London ; E. D., London ; W. A. T. F., London.

Competition No. 23 (New Series).

LAST week's competition seemed to find so much favour that we have designed No. 23 on similar lines. We ask again for quatrains, but they are to deal this time rather with birds than with domesticity. We offer a prize of a guinea for the best four-lined poetical inscription suitable to be painted on an aviary.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, February 27. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 172, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon ; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

OUR SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(For particulars see inside page of cover.)

Received during the week : Gwynedd, Niphates, Valentine, Club, Rinaldo, Daffodil, Pater, Brevier, Shep, Wallis, H. B., Cleada, Vagrant, The Angler, Marsyas, Andante, Neva, R. Besir.

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